

Flyin' Down the Highway

Frank Foster

We're back

Well its a Saturday night down and Dixie shot full of rhythm in whiskey

And what do you know it's time to play

grab your boots and jump off a tour bus there is a rowdy crowd waiting on us

Somebody show me to the stage

Give me the mic and put me in the spotlight

Cuz everybody came here to get right in those blue collar boys just got paid

will be rocking to the break of day then flying on down the highway

we came to give you more for your money southern rock anthem outlaw country and don't forget about my
solid gold

that old hunderd round of Crown has been took in I got Music like Mama's home cooking Lord it just feels
good in your soul

Turn it on and crank it up to 12 Son we going to kick like daddy's old pump gun getting paid then we're getting
on down the road

we'll be rockin till the break of day then flying on down the highway

We'll be rocking till the break of day

We'll be rocking to the break of day then flying on down the highway

Let's go

Hey there Mr bartender a roughneck don't need a blender so pop a top on something cold

And grab a you for me and the fellas and that girl in the sunshine yellow with a thousand eyes that are out of
control

And if she needs to get her another cuz later on down a dirt road brother I'm going to take her to a spot nobody
knows

And rock with her till the break of day then flying on down the highway

We'll be rocking till the break of day

we'll be rocking to the break of day then flying on down the highway

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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